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INTENTIONS.

THERE is an old Spanish saying, that hell is paved with good intentions. For the extent of the commodity, the earth might be paved with them too; and then they would be very much in their proper place with respect to mankind, for there is nothing we are so perpetually trampling under our feet. What a great and glorious world this would be, if it were to be estimated by intentions! Even amongst the humblest of us, and in the humblest details of our humble lives, what fine intentions we are always forming! We might all be gods for our intentions. The very thief, the day before his being finally captured and put on the road for the gibbet, had excellent intentions. The old abandoned sinner, the hour before he was struck by the mortal illness which carried him off, had the noblest intentions. The most virtuous and devout man in the country never had better, if so good. Oh that we could all be judged by our intentions!

In plain positive truth, these same intentions are the most pernicious things in the world; and men ought rather to be condemned, than excused, for entertaining them. If a man has no good intentions, he knows that he is decidedly wicked, and has the chance of being some day roused to a sense of his unrighteous state, and thereafter becoming reformed. But the man of good intentions goes dreaming on all his life, in reality a wicked and erring creature, but constantly absolving himself from his sins through the efficacy of this pretended virtue, which only permits and urges him to sin more. Far honester and far safer is he who does not pretend to conceal either from himself or others that he is a wretch, than the mean dastard who sneaks into a good character with himself, and at the same time deceives the world, by an assumed and fallacious merit. In fact, every good intention, not in proper time carried into effect, is a palpable offence; for, but for it, we might have felt the necessity of doing some lesser good: it only tends to supplant the performance that might have otherwise taken place. Good intentions tickle the conscience till it sleeps, and then carry their victim forward, in blind and fatal security, to destruction.

As all men think all men mortal but themselves, so also do all men think all men liable to moral rebuke but themselves. When we hear some fervent pulpit admonition, accompanied by a justly severe view of the deceitfulness of human nature, we think that all this is very proper for people in general, but never once suppose that we, in particular, are in the way of needing it. In the same way, it is by no means unlikely that many individuals who read this little essay will say, either in words or thoughts, How just the writer is upon thousands whom we know! But not one in ten, perhaps, will bring the moral home to himself, and inquire to what extent *he* may have been guilty of only meaning well. *This, however, is what every one should do.* We would indulge the hope that many might thus receive a shock sufficient to awake them from the dream of good intentions, and henceforward endeavour to do what they have hitherto contented themselves with only *designing to do*. Let every one be on the watch for the least symptom of an intention which is excluding a performance. Let him open his eyes to the injury likely to result from such a habit. Let him reflect, when he sees another die without performing something which ought to have been done, that probably that individual had just as good intentions as any one ever has—only, as usual, he was cut off while in a state of dalliance with the performance. So blind are men, that we have heard an individual rail in no very measured terms at a

neighbour who had died without doing a certain thing which he seemed to consider necessary; and when the railer was asked if he, who was in exactly the same circumstances with the deceased, had taken care to do that duty, he confessed that he had not. Oh no, but he intended to do it. He did not reflect that his neighbour was probably as much alive as he was to the propriety of doing the duty in question, but had always, like himself, been content with the intention. The uncertainty of life might have shown to our friend that he was liable, in one moment, if it so pleased God, to be in the same liability to blame as his deceased neighbour; but then how few ever reflect on this tritest of all truths!

Thus it is that men go on—doing many things which they ought not to do, but, as for the good which they *ought* to do, contenting themselves, in a great measure, with intentions. Intentions serve mankind instead of positive good; but we have heard wonderfully little of any similar or corresponding thing for preventing evil. Wrong is a reality—good, it would appear, little better than a fancy. The question, however, arises, Will this please the Being whom we serve, and who is at last to judge of our earthly merits? Assuredly it will not. Before the seat of that Being, we will be interrogated respecting our *deeds*; and how will the gaze of intentions, when we hold it up, appear in that mighty Eye, if deeds be wanting to prove the reality of those good principles which we have professed?

Even considered as a matter of worldly wisdom, the necessity of substituting performance for intention is obvious. No one ever gets rich upon intentions. It is only in so far as a man *acts* that he acquires any thing. He may entertain the most earnest intention to do something, and spend a whole day in fixing it in his mind. But, in the words of the English proverb, it will butter no parsnips. No, nothing but the actual work gains the money. Even in those numerous details of life which are not connected with the winning of our bread, but only tend to convenience and courtesy between man and man, intentions serve to as little purpose. If we sincerely want to accommodate or befriend our neighbours, we must really bestir ourselves for the purpose, and actually write the letter, or go the errand, or pay the visit, which may be necessary. Nothing *tells* but the performance. In reality, the action often costs less trouble than the contemplation of it. We often voluntarily triple the sacrifice, by encumbering our minds with a load of intention, and keeping it there for hours or for days, when we might have at once relieved ourselves by doing what we always knew we could not avoid doing. We do not tell our young friends never to intend doing any good or useful deed; but we are most anxious that the action should follow the intention almost as rapidly as the report of a musket follows the ignition of the powder. Delay is the canker of human life. There is nothing done well that is not done at once with promptitude and decision, and, if necessary, pursued with diligence. Let us hear no more, then, of this wretched cant about intentions. Do not let us hear people who are burnt out talk of the hardship of losing all, when they had *intended* in a day or two to effect an insurance on their property. Do not let us see families launching out into expenses they are unable to support, and reconciling it with their conscience by saying they *intend* to be more saving next winter. Away with such deceptions! Let us see men go at once to the point, and do that which it is their duty to do, and not fritter away their time with those meaningless make-believes, which are as discreditable to their intellect as they are injurious to their interests.

FELLOW PASSENGERS.

THE life of every individual, however humble his station, and however really insignificant he may be in point of intellectual endowments, contains something or other which it is worth while to know, and which, if recorded, might supply matter of useful reflection to persons of the most exalted attainments. The faces of men are not more various than their character and fortunes. Something is happening daily to every one of us, which forms the subject of conversation in our respective domestic circles; and if we do but go abroad into the city upon some piece of business, our return home is frequently looked for with as much anxiety as the arrival of a foreign courier in Downing Street, being fraught, to our private affairs, with consequences in which those connected with us take a far more lively interest than the nation at large, or its rulers, can possibly do in the fluctuations of continental politics. When we consider the multiplicity of transactions in which we have ourselves been engaged, and the singularity of some circumstances that have fallen out in the course of our experience, and that every person we meet is conscious of a history as peculiar, and, probably, as diversified as our own, we obtain an almost boundless idea of the hidden stores of curious particulars which a limited neighbourhood, to say nothing of a large city, could disclose to the world. Even within the moving box called a stage-coach, is often contained a little society, the members of which have been brought together by incidents, which, as they are various in themselves, are the objects of mutual curiosity, and might form the foundation of the most excellent maxims and resolutions.

Of the four insides who started from Edinburgh on the 19th day of October—the year is of no consequence—one was an elderly man, with a grave but yet benevolent and cheerful cast of countenance. He was accompanied by his son, a boy of about fourteen, with harder hands, and a look of being more inured to labour, than was to be expected from his dress. The occasion of their present journey was as follows:—From some attractive narratives of the adventures of navigators, of the wonders they have witnessed, and the glory some of them have acquired, the lad had become enamoured of the sea service, and nothing would serve him but he would be a sailor. His friends endeavoured to dissuade him from this resolution, and laid down various plans for pushing him forward in other more gainful and less hazardous, but entirely unromantic professions. The visions of an inglorious affluence could not compete, however, with those more splendid chimeras which had gained possession of the boy's imagination. The bent of his mind remained fixed, and his father, seeing no arguments could produce any effect in changing it, appeared to yield to his wishes. An assurance that he should be permitted to make a trial of the occupation which was so much the object of his desires, made him perfectly happy. He went about in a state of the greatest excitement for some days, arranging in his own mind the numerous gallant deeds he was to perform; the dangers he was to escape; the scenes of softened beauty and of gloomy grandeur he was to behold; the spectacles of barbaric pomp—crowds of black men in white garments, glittering in armour of gold, and mounted on superb couriers—which were to pass before him. Floating banners, yawning gulfs, odoriferous flowers, stately palaces, roaring waves, all commingled, and formed one great incongruous idea, which made him utterly despise the whole of the insignificant objects in his native parish, and exult in the prospect of entering in a few days on board of a vessel at Leith,

with the master of which his father had agreed that he should go a voyage to Dantzic, in the course of which he himself made no doubt of achieving some notable adventure. Never boy was prouder than he when he first trode the deck; and the offices he was employed in were performed with an alacrity, and, at the same time, a feeling of magnanimous composure, as if he were already acting a great part in the eyes of the world. His father's arrangement with the captain was, that he should not be treated with any unusual harshness, but that he should work, be clothed, fed, and lodged, in every respect, the same as an ordinary cabin-boy. He himself would have disdained to enter the ship upon any other footing; for it would have been unworthy of one resolved, as he was, to rise to the first eminence solely by his own merits, to start in any capacity the least degree above the lowest. His bones, unused to labour, ached a good deal at first; and when his limbs were better strung for work, he became heartily disgusted with the drudgery and common fare. He could not perceive wherein lay the honour and glory of "jumping" at every one's bidding, scrambling among ropes the whole day, which was not half so pleasant as climbing for birds' nests, from which he could desert when he pleased; and then the tears came into his eyes when he crept to his hammock, full of the recollection of his little comfortable bed-room at home, where his mother often looked in, to speak an endearing word to him before he fell asleep. When the voyage was over, and his father met him at Leith, with offers, as he had been so anxious to acquire a proficiency in seamanship, to transfer him to a vessel about to sail immediately for another port, without the least hint of taking him, even for a few days, to visit his friends, the poor little fellow's heart was like to burst, and he fairly confessed that he was tired of sailing. He was now on his road home, perfectly willing to adopt any profession which the better judgment of his parents thought proper to select.

What a lesson is here in respect to the management of rash and inexperienced youth! Had the father positively persisted in refusing the wishes of his son, and in forcing him into some more eligible pursuit, he might have kept him at home for a time, but with a mind rankling with discontent. Probably he would have taken his own way after all, and with such a confirmed opinion of his father's severity, that recal would have been impossible. The method taken to open his eyes to reality was the only one that could prove effectual.

The third passenger was a sickly young man—a poor scholar—whom hard study and anxiety had plunged into consumption. The story is one that is well understood—there has been too often occasion to tell it. His father's means exhausted in the first years of his education, and he cast upon his own inadequate resources; on the one hand, ambition of usefulness and of honourable fame; on the other, the fear of destitution. Who shall tell the brilliant hopes, the bitter disappointments, the loss of spirits, the loss of strength, the want of elasticity, the feeling as if the bones were sapless, and the blood no more ran in equal currents, the consciousness that all past exertions are vain, that all future hopes are vain, that this is a drooping unto death—can words express all these? Then the recollections that visited the poor patient—the deceitful fancies! He thought if he had a drink from the spring from which his mother used to draw water, it would refresh and restore the fading powers of life; he thought, as he gasped in his small close chamber, of the healthful breezes and balmy air of his native vale, and that, if he could but breathe a draught of it, he would be well; he thought, and here there was no delusion, that if his mother could watch his last moments, and minister to his wants, death would come in a less cheerless and repulsive form; and he was now on his way to realize this the only earthly solace that remained for him. The victim of a love of knowledge is not altogether excusable; but who shall have the heart to blame him?

The fourth occupant of the coach sat in one of the corners, as straight up as the fishing-rod which he held beside him, and as silent. He seemed to be rapt in an endless vision of a "glorious nibble." Being in the soundest health, of the most imperturbable mind, and in good condition as to person and clothing, he might be held a good example of the fruits of moderate wishes steadily pursued.

At the country town where the coach stops, a great crowd of persons stand round, every one more eager than another to see what kind of persons will come out of the coach, and farther, to learn their names and business if possible, that they may run home with the intelligence immediately. But we do not require to say another word as to the history of our fellow passengers. Whatever may be the interest which such companions excite while beside us, no sooner does the vehicle of conveyance arrive at its destination than all further concern generally ceases. Each hurries off to his own house, forgetful of his late fellow traveller, whose countenance is never more recollected, unless, perhaps, when we are startled into remembrance by seeing it gleam past us in a crowd, stirring up for an instant a partial reminiscence of past days and pursuits.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

SOON after the beginning of the French Revolution, a peasant named Pierre Henriot lived in a little hamlet about thirty miles from Paris, and worked in an olive ground hard by. This man had a son and daughter, whose mother died when they were very young. Pierre's wife was a good woman, and, had she lived, would have trained her children in the paths of virtue; but they were most unfortunate, as will be seen, in being left entirely to the care of their father. This man had been long in the service of a nobleman, whose chateau was situated in the neighbourhood of the hamlet, who had incurred his most malignant hatred from having requited his services less liberally than he fancied they deserved, and from having taken a fancy to educate a nephew of Pierre's wife, while he took no notice of his son. This orphan nephew had shared with her own children in the care and affection of his aunt; but at her death, poor Jacques was so shamefully neglected, that he became the talk of the neighbourhood, which induced the old housekeeper at the chateau, who had been the friend of his aunt, to take him under her protection. Here the owner of the mansion, attracted by the handsome appearance of the boy, and discovering, in an accidental manner, that he had a genius for learning, had him instructed, and, thinking that he would perform a meritorious action in making him a priest, sent him a few years afterwards to a monastery at Paris, to prepare him for that office. This proved a most unpardonable offence in the eyes of Pierre, who possessed a malignant, morose, and envious disposition. It was true, this protégé of the Count de Bigot had offended him, by at length refusing to become a priest, and had been entirely cast off from his favour in consequence; but this made no change in the sentiments of the implacable Pierre toward his old master.

Pierre's son and daughter were now grown up. The son partook much of his father's disposition; his fierce and violent passions always contending for the mastery over him, and becoming the constant occasion of involving him in broils. His sister Charlotte was extremely handsome, both in face and person; but vanity was so strongly depicted on her countenance, that no sensible person could look on it without pity or disgust. This contemptible passion had been fostered from her earliest childhood, by the folly of her father and brother, who were in the constant practice of telling her how pretty she was, and predicting that she would make her fortune by her beauty. This she most cordially believed, and, therefore, refused the offers of marriage made her by the young peasants in her neighbourhood, while nothing gave her greater pleasure than to gain their affections, and boast of it with the most insolent and unfeeling levity. This conduct rendered her, by the time she had gained her twentieth year, an object of detestation to her acquaintance of both sexes, and caused them to forsake her society. If this girl had in reality ever cared for any one but herself, it was for her cousin Jacques St Croix, who had ever treated her with the affection of a relative, though he had severely piqued her pride, by appearing insensible to her beauty; and it is probable he owed the preference she felt for him to the pains it had cost her in her endeavour to ensnare him. But we must make our readers better acquainted with this young man, by detailing his history from the time he was sent to Paris by the Count.

In studying that religion of which he was intended to become a priest, Jacques, who was clever and discerning, acquired a distaste of the pursuit, which was observed by Henri Hebert, a distant relation of his, whom he was in the habit of going to see as often as his studies admitted of it. This old man was a French Protestant, and a manufacturer of cutlery, who had saved a decent dowry for an only daughter. He was a pious man; and having always had a high opinion of Jacques's moral qualities, he questioned him on his apparent depression of spirits. Jacques, who was at first reserved, made his kinsman at length acquainted with all his scruples, and received from him much instruction and good advice. But it remained for the daughter of the old man, the gentle and unassuming Marianne, to complete the conversion which her father had begun. This girl's features were not beautiful, like Charlotte's, but there was a fascination belonged to them; for there was spread over them an expression of intelligence, and of benevolent good humour. Nor was her figure or her step so light and graceful, but there was an air of placid activity in her movements which announced self-possession, and a great degree of dexterity in her usual avocations. In short, Jacques renounced his intention of being a churchman, and, with the full consent of her father, became the husband of the good Marianne. This happened when the Parisians had been for some time talking loudly of tyranny, of equalization, and of liberty, and when every sensible and thinking person foresaw, from the fermentation in the public mind, that a civil war was likely to be the result. With this impression, Henri Hebert sold off his goods, and having purchased some acres of fruit ground, which happened to be for sale, near the hamlet where Jacques's uncle lived, and to which his son-in-law was attached, from its being near the place of his birth, he removed with him and his daughter to this quiet spot, and bid farewell to the city and its turbulent inhabitants. Here they lived happy and industrious, setting an example of contentment to all around them, which it would have been well for

Pierre Henriot and his family if they had followed. But the restless and evil disposition of this man and his son prompted them, instead of applying themselves diligently to their work in the olive grove, to go constantly from place to place, to learn or repeat the newest intelligence of all the acts of violence then committing at Paris. Of those acts they would fain have been participants, while they spared no pains to spread the evil contagion of their pernicious principles, by every art in their power, among the weak-minded of their neighbours. Nor was this by any means difficult, at a time when so universal a spirit of discontent prevailed; for, when a train of gunpowder is already laid, a single spark will cause it to explode. Thus the peasants in this retired spot, and for many miles round it, who had never before, during their lives, thought of anything save alternate working and dancing, fancied they perceived that the time had arrived when it would be expedient for them to take the law into their own hands, that they might wreak their vengeance on the aristocrats, and possess themselves of their property. Several instances of such outrages had lately occurred in different provinces, when at length the Count de Bigot was denounced at Paris as an enemy to the people; and a band of ruffians, headed by a person who had risen into consequence from his adherence to the head of the reigning faction, arrived one evening at the hamlet, in order to stimulate the people to assist in taking the Count into custody, informing them at the same time, that, if he surrendered himself quietly, he meant to convey him to Paris, to stand his trial; but in the event of resistance from himself and his attendants, he must reap the reward of his folly, by meeting his death on the spot. As it happened, this unfortunate nobleman, though not in the main a bad person, was repulsive and haughty in his manner, and had been in the habit of delegating too much of his authority to inferior agents, who had not always made a good use of it. He was therefore not a favourite with the surrounding peasantry, who had been but too often oppressed in his name. Jacques was present at the harangue delivered to the peasants, who assembled to the number of two hundred, from the adjoining country, and was shocked at the eager joy they manifested on the occasion, but at nothing so much as the expression of savage exultation and self-congratulation manifested on the countenance of his uncle Pierre; and when he looked at him, and remembered his long-cherished hatred of the Count, he felt assured that the unfortunate nobleman had small chance of leaving his chateau alive. He knew, also, that if he did reach Paris, it would be only to endure the cruel insults and sufferings inflicted on all who entered it under his circumstances, before he made his exit on the scaffold. Jacques felt assured of all this, and, remembering that though he had cast him off from his favour, he had been many years his benefactor, he determined to save him if he could. He therefore slipped unperceived away from the crowd, before they had done listening to the man who was addressing them, and ran as fast as he could through the shortest and most unfrequented paths of the wood, to where the chateau lay embosomed, about a mile off. Jacques's long residence at this mansion had rendered all its modes of access, as well as its master's habits, familiar to him, and he made for a small court, from which a door opened at the foot of a back stair. Here he ascended, and having, without being perceived, reached the library, where he knew the Count would most probably be at that hour, he entered it, and, standing suddenly before the astonished nobleman, who appeared to experience some degree of alarm at his abrupt appearance, he said, "Fly, my lord, from this place instantly—you have been denounced as an enemy to the people, and the ruffians who are to convey you to Paris, or to sacrifice you here, are near at hand, followed by a multitude, all apparently thirsting for your blood." The Count looked at Jacques with an uncertain and jealous expression in his eye. "And on whose authority am I required to believe this?" said he. "On that of a heretic, who has requited all my benefits with ingratitude, and who may now, for aught I know, have forced himself into my presence with some evil intention?" "Not so, believe me," replied Jacques, while his open manly countenance, on which the utmost anxiety was expressed, gave the stamp of truth to his words—"but on the word of a grateful man, who feels so sensible of your past kindness, that he now puts his own life in hazard to save yours; quick, I beseech you—if you have money at hand, secure it, and let us be gone instantly." The Count was convinced. He rose, and, taking a considerable sum from a desk in the apartment where they were, he followed Jacques by the way he had entered, without meeting any one. Nor was it till they had dived some distance into the woods, that he ventured to interrogate his companion on what he had seen and heard relating to himself, or to ask his counsel as to what hiding-place he would advise him to seek, till he should learn the result of the night's proceedings. To these questions, Jacques answered by giving him a faithful account of all that had passed at the hamlet, and by assuring him that he felt persuaded he would be nowhere so safe as in his cottage, provided he could conduct him to it without observation. He then left the Count, and set off to reconnoitre the hamlet. There all was solemn stillness: for its inhabitants, man, woman, and child, except his father-in-law and his wife, had all followed the

multitude to the chateau. This was exactly as he wished it; and, returning to the wood, he conducted the Count to Marianne, whom having charged with his safety, and pointed out a place of concealment not likely to be discovered in the event of a search, he retraced his steps with all possible speed to the scene of action, not only to gain all the information he could, but to prevent suspicion from lighting on himself, through his absence.

This suspicion he was fortunate enough to prevent, by returning in time to place himself among those who were trying to force the door of the principal entrance, having been retarded in this operation by the manner in which the affrighted servants had barricaded every avenue of access. The time lost by this delay enraged the mob so much, that they began to vociferate deep and bloody threats against every inmate of the dwelling, when Jaques suggested that they should give a promise that none of the Count's attendants should be injured, provided the doors were immediately opened. This advice was adopted, and, after a short parley, in which the terrified domestics required the promise to be frequently reiterated, the doors were flung open, and the mob rushed in with shouts of triumph. They ran through the various apartments, breathing imprecations against the Count, and searching every nook and cranny for their victim. Nor is it easy to describe their rage and vexation, when at length they were convinced that he had escaped them, although they had taken the precaution of surrounding the house on their first approach. In short, his having eluded them was quite inexplicable, as the servants, when separately examined, all agreed in averring (what they believed) that he was in the chateau when the mob first made their appearance. The fury engendered by this disappointment showed itself in the most wanton acts of violence. The splendid furniture was soon broken in pieces, and the mansion pillaged of all the more portable things of value, such as plate, jewels, and linen. During this scene of plunder, Pierre and his son were foremost in the work of destruction, and busily employed in securing such things as they particularly fancied; while Jaques, who knew where the Count's most valuable papers were deposited, busied himself in filling his pockets with those documents, and taking a few of the trinkets which he knew were most prized by their owner, in order to restore them to him. It was fortunate for the Count and Jaques that the revengeful spirit of Pierre never entertained a suspicion that his nephew could be in league with the man who had cast him off from his favour, and as he saw him constantly among the most inveterate of the rabble, he felt perfectly convinced that he was, like himself, acting from a spirit of retaliation. This exempted Jaques from suspicion, and his house from being searched; so that, in a day or two, the Count, disguised as a peasant, and having his valuables concealed about him, left the cottage of his deliverer with the liveliest feelings of gratitude, and more toleration than he had ever before felt for heretics. He made immediately for the nearest seaport, and having, under a feigned character, obtained a passport by means of a friend, he embarked for England.

The destruction of the Count de Bigot's property did but lead the way to similar outrages in the province, at which Pierre and his son were sure to lend their aid, while Jaques, who could only lament that many well-meaning people suffered themselves to be led astray by the evil-minded and designing, continued his unwearying industry, and, in spite of the unsettled state of the country, found bread for his family, and contrived to live in peace. This peace was, however, broken in upon by an event which cost him much pain. The kind-hearted Marianne had done every thing in her power, from the time of her becoming his wife, to wean his cousin Charlotte from her light-headed silly ways, and to persuade her to become useful to herself and others. This Jaques began to hope she had in some measure achieved, when, to his surprise and vexation, he was informed that the person who had headed the band from Paris in search of the Count had been seen in the neighbourhood of the hamlet the night before, and that Charlotte, to whom it appeared he had taken a fancy on his first visit, had gone off with him. Jaques would have immediately followed, but was prevented by her father and brother, who, furious at her betrayal, who they imagined it probable would soon abandon her to misery, expressed their determination of bringing her instantly back. This satisfied Jaques for the time, for he knew that the pride they took in her beauty had produced a love for her in their savage hearts not the less strong that its motive was erroneous. When Pierre and his son reached Paris, and demanded admittance at the splendid mansion which had been the residence of one of the proscribed nobles, and of which Charlotte's lover had become possessed during the unsettled state of property in the capital, they were immediately, on telling their names, conducted into the presence of its usurper. It was the policy of this bad man to be always obsequious to the common people; and he was now doubly so to those men whom he had observed narrowly on the night the chateau was pillaged, and thought he discerned in the savage joy with which they aided in the work of destruction, and the deep curses they lavished on the owner, and on aristocrats in general, that they were fitting tools for the times. He believed that he could employ them to advantage,

whether a mob was to be inflamed, an enemy denounced, or a murder committed. They were, however, at that moment in no humour to be cajoled, and assailed him with a torrent of the vilest abuse, while they brandished long knives which they had hid under their garments, and threatened to dispatch him instantly if he did not immediately produce the girl of whom they had come in search. Thus confirmed in his opinion of their ruffianly qualifications, he descended to soothe them by an assurance that they should immediately see Charlotte, and learn from her own lips whether she had any cause of complaint. He then led them through a sumptuous suit of apartments to one more gorgeous than the rest, where they found the unfortunate girl reclining on a couch, dressed in the most expensive and gaudy fashion of the day, and surrounded by the most luxurious appointments, many of which, though she admired them as pretty toys, she did not even comprehend the use of. But, to be brief: her father and brother were so much dazzled and gratified by seeing the apparent mistress of so much splendour, that they were easily persuaded to join the good citizen in deriding the old fashioned and slavish ceremony of marriage, though the father thought proper again to brandish his knife, and accompany the action with a threat in the event of her ever being cast off. But this was a supposition at which the weak-minded Charlotte smiled in scorn, as nothing less than high treason against that superlative bounty which had raised her to such a pitch of grandeur. Alas! where may we expect next to meet her?

But we must now return to Jaques and his family, who had heard nothing of Charlotte for several months, save that her father and brother had seen her, were content with her situation, and had themselves determined to remain in Paris. Unsatisfactory, and indeed grievous, as this account was to these kind-hearted people, they endeavoured in some measure to console themselves, by hoping that Charlotte might one day be convinced of her error, and return to them; and they resolved to receive her with open arms, as a stray sheep restored to the fold. What, then, was their horror, when they learned from a person who had just come from Paris, and who knew her, that the man with whom she lived had shared the fate of the head of the faction to which he had attached himself, and was guillotined; that no one knew what had become of Charlotte, but that her father and brother were both in the prison of the Conciergerie, charged with being emissaries of her late lover! For a day or two after these tidings reached him, Jaques appeared restless and miserable, but he was not long in determining what to do. He hoped, that if he could now find Charlotte, he would be able to extricate her from the maze of vice and wretchedness in which she must, without his interference, be forever involved. He thought of her as he had last seen her—weak, vain, and degraded, but still innocent of heinous crimes. He thought of her former preference for himself, and he felt that he owed it to that unrequited preference—to the memory of her mother, who was the unwearying friend of his childhood—and to humanity itself, to make every exertion to save her.

The disinterested and benevolent Marianne could not but approve of her husband's determination to seek his unfortunate cousin, though she shuddered while she embraced him at parting, at the dangers to which he would probably expose himself.

It was night when Jaques reached Paris, but there was none of that stillness there which is its natural concomitant. At that hour, all was hushed in the little hamlet he had left. In his own cottage, his aged father-in-law was enjoying, on his pillow, the rest and peace which is the reward of a well-spent life, and an approving conscience: his dear Marianne was sleeping the sleep of innocence, with her infant in her bosom. But here, the contrast was most appalling—the drums beat—fire-arms were shot off—screams and oaths, and discordant laughter, met the ear—grey-haired old men were joining in street brawls and drunken revels; and, in place of the care and tenderness of the decent matron, who soothes her child to its quiet slumber, mothers were seen hurrying to and fro with their infants, through the night air, apparently insensible to their wailing appeals. All was heart-sickening to the sober and reflecting Jaques, and he hastened in search of the unfortunate Charlotte: but all he could learn was, that upon the apprehension of the man she had lived with, she had fled to her father, but what had become of her when he was taken to prison, no one knew. There was nothing for it, then, but to endeavour to learn from her father and brother, by means of the jailor, where she was. This, Jaques well knew, was a hazardous experiment, but if he did not attempt it immediately, dangerous as it was, it might be rendered vain, by their lives being cut short. He therefore turned his footsteps toward the Conciergerie. While he was yet some distance from the prison, his passage was impeded by a dense and unruly crowd, from whose vociferations he learnt that they were waiting for their nightly pastime of accompanying the condemned prisoners to the guillotine. Presently the renewed shouts and agitating motion of the crowd informed him that the victims had ascended the fatal cart, and, in a few minutes, he beheld it on its way, while he was compelled, by the

pressure of the multitude to accompany them to the place of execution, and hurried almost to the very foot of the scaffold. Jaques's first determination was to shut his eyes, that he might not look on the bloody scene; but an indefinable curiosity took possession of him, and he raised his eyes just as two men were placed upon the platform. His very eyeballs seemed seared when the light of a lamp gleamed full upon the deep furrows of his uncle's sullen and ferocious countenance, while he sent forth a scowl of defiance on his executioners, as they dragged him forward, and uttered a brutal jest on the meanness of the father's taking precedence of his son. That son had hardly time to look on the ghastly features of his father, as his head lay on the boards of the scaffold, till the stroke descended that laid his own beside it. Jaques, whose wan and quivering features showed the agony of his soul, was at that moment prevented from uttering an ejaculation of horror, which might have proved fatal to himself, by the frantic screams of a woman who was not far from him, and whom the mob were contending about—some crying out that she belonged to the men who had just suffered, and others contradicting this, while they derided her as one whose cowardly spirit disgraced a Frenchwoman, who ought to be able to look with joy on the execution of the enemies of the people. Jaques heard all this, and rushed forward to the spot, where he beheld the wretched Charlotte thus subjecting herself to the danger of sharing the fate of her father and brother. This danger became still more imminent, when she was presently recognised by a person near her as the mistress of a man who had lately been executed; and the fearful cry of—"To the guillotine with her!—to the guillotine!" began to be raised. But just at that critical moment a fresh arrival of numerous victims attracted universal attention; and Jaques, seizing her firmly round the waist, dragged her through the crowd, while he endeavoured to soothe her by every means in his power; and, hurrying her through bye-lanes nearly emptied of their population, he at length succeeded in placing her in the house of a friend for the night. Jaques's first care in the morning was to procure a conveyance for himself and his wretched cousin, in which they that day reached his home. This was, however, rendered no light task to him, by the necessity it imposed of hearing her frantic ravings, in which she accused herself of the miserable end of her father and brother. When Jaques alighted at his own cottage, and Marianne flew to meet him, his pale countenance, his dark eyes sunk in their sockets, and the expression of melancholy poured forth in his whole frame, told what he had suffered since she had parted from him—while the wretched Charlotte seemed to gaze with a vacant and idiot stare on all around, till roused, by some sudden recollection, into ravings of mad despair.

Poor Marianne looked upon her husband, and his unfortunate cousin, and her deep and silent tears flowed fast, as he related to her the dreadful story of his journey. This good young woman did all that was dictated by her sound sense and kindly feeling, to restore Charlotte to some degree of composure; but month followed month, and little change could be perceived, save that she did not express her remorse so violently in words. She, however, seldom tasted food, and seemed to loath the light of day; and grew pale, emaciated, and feeble; and that beauty which had been the primary cause of all her guilt and misfortunes, fled, and left behind it nought but a desolated ruin. It was in vain that she was visited by the Catholic priest of the district; the absolution he pronounced seemed to carry no comfort with it, and she soon sank into an early grave, the victim of cold-hearted vanity, and the other evil principles so early instilled into her by her wretched father. It was long before Jaques could conquer the melancholy left on his mind by the dreadful fate of his uncle and his family, and his heart sickened as he stood beside the premature grave of Charlotte; and, looking through time into eternity, meditated long on the fearful nature and prospects of vice; till the current of his thoughts gradually assuming a more placid and encouraging course, he thought of the blessings of virtue, and returned to his amiable wife, and his usual avocations, with recovered serenity. Nor was the quiet tenor of his life thereafter interrupted.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

HAD it not been for what, on a casual view, might be considered as a comparatively unimportant and almost accidental position of the earth, in relation to the great circle by which it annually moves round the sun, the change of seasons would have been totally unknown throughout the globe. That imaginary line passing through the south and north poles, called the earth's axis, instead of forming an exact perpendicular with the plane of the circle around which the earth goes annually round the sun, is inclined from it at a small angle; or, to make this more comprehensible, if we fancy a round flat plate to represent the plane of the circle in which the earth moves, and take an egg to represent the latter body—the egg is not placed with its one end pointing directly upwards, and the other directly downwards, but one end is inclined a little over in the direction of the middle of the plate, and, as it is thus carried round and round, preserving the exact position—it will be found, that, at one side of the circle, the upper end or north pole will point or

be turned upwards to the centre, while on the opposite side it will be found to point outwards, or away from the centre. At half the distance between, on each side, it will, however, stand in nearly a perpendicular position. If we remove the plate, and place in its stead a lighted candle, and then carry the egg round with its end inclined in the same position as before, and if, at the same time, we turn it round so as to imitate the daily revolution of the earth on its axis, we shall find, at the part of the circle where the end or pole of the egg is turned to the candle, that the rays of light will fall on it very directly, and light up more than two-thirds of its surface, while only a small proportion will be immersed in darkness. This corresponds to our summer on the globe, when the sun's rays fall directly on the northern part of the earth, and the days are long and the nights short. If we carry round the egg one quarter of the circle, we shall find, that, as it is turned round on its axis, the light portion and the dark are equal; this is our period of autumn, or equinox, when our days and nights are of the same duration. If we finish another quarter of the circle, we find the end or pole of the egg turned away from the candle; its rays fall in a low and slanting manner upon its surface, the greater part of which is now in darkness, and only a small portion under illumination; this is the season of winter, when the night is long, the day short, and the heat imparted very inconsiderable, in consequence of the low and slanting manner in which the sun's rays fall upon the earth's surface. By carrying on the egg another quarter of the circle, we bring it to the spring, or vernal equinox, when day and night are again equal; and thus every successive movement brings a corresponding change.

Now, it has been supposed by some system-mongers who boldly take it upon themselves to cut and carve on creation, that this same obliquity of the earth's axis might be rectified with advantage, and that, instead of subjecting poor mortals, and the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms, to alternate extremes of heat and cold, a perpetual spring or a genial summer might be made to reign universally throughout the earth. Nothing, however, could be more rash and presumptuous than such a suggestion. In fact, by the present arrangement, the greatest possible diffusion of the blessed light and heat of the sun over every portion of the globe is afforded. Had it been otherwise, had the earth's axis been placed perpendicular instead of oblique, this island on which we live, and every other spot placed in similar latitudes, would never have enjoyed a heat greater than that which we experience in the months of September and March—a heat far below what is necessary for rearing and bringing to maturity the fruits of the earth, and even below what is necessary for the comfortable sensations of animal beings. Moreover, every country between us and the north pole—and the same holds true of the regions around that of the south—would have been for ever frozen up in sterile and lonely frigidity, with not a single plant or animal to cheer the dull monotony of inanimate nature. It is true, with this arrangement a small strip of temperate zone would enjoy perpetual spring, and tropical regions would still possess the sun's fierce and perpendicular radiance; but would this compensate for the low and imperfect heat imparted to more than half the earth's surface? Besides all this, the successive recurrence of the seasons ministers to man's happiness, and affords a pleasure which seems peculiarly suited to his nature—the delight of perpetual novelty. Nothing can be more pleasing than the gradual transition of spring into summer—this again into mellow autumn—and winter closing up the whole, as it were, with grim and relentless grasp, till upon even he relents into the smile of spring.

The present position of the earth, then, is quite in accordance with that beneficent provision which we find extending throughout all nature's works, by which the greatest possible degree of life and enjoyment is diffused throughout all. It is wonderful to think how very near life approaches even to the frigid circle of the poles. At this point, the greatest extremes of light and darkness prevail; so that, in winter, for several weeks the sun never rises above the horizon; and in summer, for a corresponding period, he never sets. Within ten degrees of the pole, plants and animals exist, and even human beings take up their occasional abodes. Although the cold of winter is intense, yet, as soon as summer comes round, the ice melts, the face of the soil appears, and plants shoot forth, and come to maturity with greater celerity than in milder and more favoured climates. It is found, however, that vegetation will not succeed, and no animals will live, when the summer heat does not rise to 60° of the thermometer.

But has the earth always held this position with regard to the sun? Some have imagined, that when Paradise was created, it was otherwise; and that, after the fall of Adam, when the earth "was cursed," the change was effected. Milton, in his sublime and philosophic poem, throws out this hint. Astronomical observations on the other planets of the solar system, demonstrate that many of these have a similar obliquity of their axis. Others, again, have conjectured that a change was made at the period of the deluge, and that this change may have been, in fact, the cause of the latter catastrophe. All those vegetable remains that are found scattered over the strata of the earth, and which, without doubt, belong to a

former period of the earth's history, are, in general character and resemblance, allied to the vegetation of tropical climates; and the same remark applies to the numerous skeletons and skulls of animals that are found belonging to the same period—these consisting of quadrupeds resembling the elephant, hyæna, rhinoceros, &c., and of shell animals, unlike to those of northern existence of the present day. Thus, it has been plausibly advanced, that, previous to the deluge, the habitable part of the globe was a zone, embracing its middle for a space on each side of the equator; that here vegetation flourished in great luxuriance; and that both gigantic specimens of plants and of animals existed before mankind had yet increased in any considerable numbers, or spread themselves over every corner of the earth; that, on a sudden, the earth's axis was changed; confusion and destruction took place on its surface; what was dry land became ocean, and the soil and surface, with its vegetation and animated beings, was swept away, and carried even to its most remote parts; and that a new order of things rose out of the ruins of the old.

The earth is calculated to be ninety-five millions of miles distant from the sun; consequently, the great circle which our planet traverses around this body every year, cannot be less in circumference than five hundred and forty millions of miles. This distance is travelled over in the space of 365 days very nearly six hours, a prodigious and almost inconceivable velocity, and yet performed without at all being perceptible to our ordinary observation.

A SCOTTISH MILITARY BISHOP.

It appears from Scottish history, that, prior to the Reformation, churchmen were often as much distinguished for their gallantry as soldiers, as for their piety as divines. Of these clerical warriors no one appears to have been so celebrated as William Sinclair, a bishop of Dunkeld, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. This prelate was known by the appellation of the Military Bishop and the Champion of the Kingdom. Living in the time of the unhappy troubles caused by the attempt of Edward to subdue Scotland, he was frequently called upon to exert his abilities in securing the independence of his country. Once, while residing at his palace of Auchtertool, in Fife, the sheriff of that county went with a body of five hundred men to make head against the English, who had landed in the neighbourhood; but observing that the country was laid waste, and that the enemy kept a good countenance, the sheriff fell back as fast as he could. On hearing this, the bishop armed himself, took horse with about sixty of his people, who were well disciplined, and, soon meeting the sheriff, cried aloud, "What madness is it in you to run away at this rate!" The sheriff replied, "Because the English are more numerous and better soldiers than we are." "If you got your due," says the bishop, "the king would cause chop off your golden spurs. But follow me, and with the assistance of St Columbus, whose lands they lay waste, we shall have our revenge." With these words he threw away the bishop's staff, grasped his sword, and turned himself to the sheriff with this expression, "Do follow me." They did follow him, came up with the enemy, and happily obtained a complete victory. There fell that day more than five hundred English, besides a number who, by crowding into their boat, overset it, and were all drowned. Sinclair was a great favourite of the king (David the Second), who always in conversation called him "my own Bishop;" and the letters he wrote to him were addressed "To our Bishop." He died 27th June 1337, having filled the see of Dunkeld twenty-five years, and was buried in the choir of Dunkeld cathedral, which he built from the foundation; and, in memorial of this work, he caused to be erected on the top of the east gable of the choir of the present church of Dunkeld, a fluted cross, as part of the armorial bearings of his family, which is still standing.

THE FLORIDA.

MANY of the vessels which formed the Spanish armada, intended for the conquest of England, perished on the north and west coasts of Scotland. The ship Florida appeared to have been more fortunate than many of her consorts; she found her way to the Bay of Tobermory, on the Sound of Mull, one of the finest harbours in the world. Scotland being then a neutral country under James, the sixth of that name, the Spaniards considered themselves perfectly secure, and remained long in that station, repairing the damages they had sustained, and refreshing the crew and troops.

The Florida was, no doubt, an object of great interest and curiosity in that remote situation, and all the principal families in the neighbouring country and islands were received on board as visitors, where, tradition says, they were hospitably and splendidly entertained. Elizabeth, the ever watchful and well informed Queen of England, had intelligence of the Florida through her ambassador at the Scotch court, and it was ascertained that this ship was extremely valuable: she had on board a large sum of money intended for the pay of the army; she contained, besides, a great quantity of costly stores. The law of nations should have protected the Florida from injury; but Elizabeth resolved on her destruction, and it was accomplished by one of the most atrocious acts, perhaps, ever recorded of any civilized government. The

English ambassador soon found an instrument suited to his purpose, and his name was Smollett. We regret to state, that he was an ancestor of the celebrated writer of that name, who himself alludes to this circumstance in one of his novels, apparently unconscious of the inference which followed. This agent of the English queen spoke the Gaelic language, and wore the Highland dress. He went to Mull as a dealer in cattle, and easily found his way on board the Florida, where he formed an intimacy, and, along with other strangers, had frequent opportunities of seeing every part of the ship. He at length found a convenient time for his diabolical object, and placed some combustible substance in a situation where it was likely to produce the desired effect. He immediately got ashore, and made the best of his way southward.

He had travelled to a distance of six or eight miles, when he heard the explosion of the Florida; and the spot where he stood is still marked for the execration of mankind. The ship was blown up, and nearly all on board perished. Together with the crew and troops, many of the first men in the country were destroyed by this perfidious and bloody act, which reflects eternal disgrace on the planners, and infamy on the perpetrator. Tradition states that the poop of the ship was blown to a great distance, with six men, whose lives were saved. Maclean, of Duart, had procured some cannon from the Florida, for the purpose of battering the castle of a neighbouring chieftain; and a few Spanish gunners, who assisted in that service, were preserved by their absence from the ship.

This melancholy story, which would have formed a memorable era in a more public place, is still, in that country, a fertile source for traditional tales.

The universal belief among the more illiterate natives is, that one of the Spanish Infantas, who is said to have been on board the Florida, became enamoured of Maclean, and that his wife had employed a person to blow up the ship; thus transferring that crime from the Queen of England to the wife of their chief, who was, indeed, very unpopular. It is alleged that the body of the Infanta had been found, and buried with great pomp in that vicinity; that a ship had been afterwards sent by the Spanish government to convey her remains to Spain. It seems, in collecting these remains, the last joint of one of her royal highness's ring fingers could not be found; and it is said that her ghost has often been seen searching for this bone by torch-light. This circumstance is frequently mentioned as authority for the pious caution with which the Highlanders preserve the relics of their deceased friends.

Some Spanish mares and horses had been landed, to pasture, and these remained in the island of Mull. The breed of horses in Mull has ever since been superior, and it still continues so, probably from this cause.

The English ambassador at Madrid having procured information of the precise amount of the treasure which had been on board the Florida, a ship of war was sent by the English government to Tobermory in the beginning of the eighteenth century, with divers, for the purpose of recovering the specie. The wreck was soon found, and many articles were raised, but no money was acknowledged. The ship, however, never returned to England, and it was suspected that she had taken refuge in France, for evident reasons.

In the year 1787, the celebrated diver Spalding made an attempt to recover this treasure; but he failed entirely, as might have been expected, the remains of the ship having sunk into the clay and mud, and totally disappeared.*

SCOTTISH CRIMINAL TRIALS.

HECTOR MONRO.—SORCERY AND WITCHCRAFT.

IMMEDIATELY after the acquittal of Lady Fowlis, her stepson and prosecutor, the sixteenth Baron of Fowlis, was presented at the bar on an accusation in some respects similar, of which he also was found not guilty, by a jury the majority of whom had sat on the preceding trial. In January 1588-9, this gentleman, being taken ill, sent a servant with his own horse to bring to his assistance Marion MacIngarach, who is characterised as being "one of the maist notorious and rank wichis in all this realme," and who, as soon as she entered the house where he lay sick, gave him three drinks of water from three stones (probably some sort of rude stone cups). After a long consultation, she declared there was no hope of recovery, unless the principal man of the patient's house should suffer death for him; and it was determined, after some discussion, that this substitute should be George Monro, eldest son of Katherine Monro, Lady Fowlis. A plan was next devised for transferring the *onus moriendi*, for the present, to George; according to which, in the first place, no person was to have admittance to the house where Hector lay, until his half-brother came; and, on his arrival, the sick man, with his left hand, was to take his visitor by the right, and not to speak until spoken to by him. In conformity with these injunctions, several friends who called to inquire for the patient were excluded, and messengers were dispatched, both to George Monro's house, and to other parts of the country where he was thought to be engaged in the

* From Traditions of the Western Highlands, in the Literary Gazette

sports of the chase. Before he could be found, seven expresses had been sent after him, and five days expired. On the intelligence that his brother desired earnestly to see him, he repaired to the place, and was received in the form prescribed by the witch—Hector, with his left hand grasping George's right, and abstaining from speaking until asked "How he did?" to which he replied, "The better that you have come to visit me," and uttered not a word more, notwithstanding his urgency to obtain an interview. The younger Monro having, in this manner, been brought fairly within the compass of the witch's spells, she that same night mustered certain of her accomplices, and, having provided spades, repaired to a spot where two lairds' lands met, and, "at one after midnight," dugged a grave of the exact length of Hector Monro, and laid the turf of it carefully aside. They then came home, and MacIngarach gave her assistance instructions concerning the part that each was to perform in the remaining ceremonies. The object—namely, the preservation of Hector's life, and the death of George in his stead—being now openly stated, some of those present objected, that if the latter should be cut off suddenly, the hue and cry would be raised, and all their lives would be in danger. They therefore pressed the presiding witch not to make the sacrifice immediately, but to cause it to follow after such an interval as might obviate suspicion, which she accordingly engaged to accomplish, and warranted him to live till the 17th day of the ensuing April, at the least. This being arranged to the satisfaction of the persons assembled, the sick man was laid in a pair of blankets, and carried out to the place where the grave had been prepared. The party were strictly enjoined to be silent, and only MacIngarach, and Christian Neill, Hector's foster-mother, were to utter the necessary incantations. Being come to the spot, their living burden was deposited in the grave, the turf being spread above him, and held down with staves. MacIngarach stood by the side of the grave, and Neill, holding a boy, a son of one Hector Leith, by the hand, ran the breadth of nine rigs, then returned, and demanded, "Which is your choice?" Thereupon the other, in name, it is to be supposed, of the Spirit of Death, replied, "Mr Hector, I choose you to live, and your brother George to die for you." This form of conjuration was thrice gone through that night; and, on its completion, the sick man was lifted, carried home—not one of the company uttering a word farther—and replaced in bed.

To the efficacy of this singular spell was attributed not only the recovery of Hector, but the death of George Monro, though the latter continued in perfect health, not only for the time warranted by the witch, but for a year longer. He was taken ill in April 1590, and died on the 3d of June following. MacIngarach was highly favoured by the gentleman, who supposed he owed to her his life. As soon as his health was restored, "he the dewilisch moyan foirsaid," he carried her to the house of his uncle at Kildrummody, where she was entertained with as much obsequious attention as if she had been his spouse, and obtained such pre-eminence in the country, that no one durst offend her, though her ostensible character was only that of keeper of his sheep. Upon the information of Lady Fowles, the protector of MacIngarach was compelled to present her at Aberdeen, where she was examined before the king, and produced the stones out of which she had made the baron drink. These enchanted cups were delivered to the keeping of the Justice Clerk; but we are not informed as to the fate of the witch herself.

The most curious point of this trial is the opinion which it shows to have prevailed, that disease could not be expelled except by being transferred to some other living being. We have already seen the same opinion exemplified in the case of Archbishop Adamson, whose malady was indeed removed, but not entirely baffled, having been allowed to cut off a white pony as his substitute. A similar belief is entertained by the inhabitants of King George's Sound, among whom, as Mr Nind, who assisted to form the colony in that part of Australia, informs us, "If a man is ill, and imagines he shall not recover, he attempts to kill somebody, and fancies by so doing that he shall get well again." We may consider as a branch of the same superstition a receipt for removing warts, now only jocularly recommended, which is, to tie up in a bag as many small stones as there are excrescences to be got rid of, and to throw it out upon the highway; when the warts will disappear from the skin of the person who cast away the bag, and grow upon that of him who chances to pick it up.

While we read the details of these trials for witchcraft, we are not so much surprised that people should be found ignorant and wicked enough to engage in such practices, as that their efficacy should have been so universally credited. It has been alleged that the prosecutions were instituted rather with a view to protect the people from the impositions of pretended sorcerers, than from a belief that the power of enchantment was actually exercised, and required to be checked. But there can be no doubt that those who put the law in force were under the influence of the same superstition which held sway over the mass of their countrymen. Here we have a baron who had the power of trying witches, and who was yet himself the dupe of their practices; and the terms in which he was arraigned show that those who presided in the

highest criminal court in the kingdom were not more enlightened in this respect. The indictment charges the prisoner that "ye gat your health by the dewilisch means foirsaid." And further it says, "ye are indicted for art and part of the cruel, shameful, and odious slaughter of the said George Monro, your brother, by the enchantments and witchcrafts used upon you and by your device, by speaking to him within your bed, taking of him by the right hand, conform to the injunctions given to you by the said Marion Ingarach, in the said month of January 1588 years; throw the which enchantments he taks and deidlie seiknes in the month of Apryle 1590 yeiris, and continue and thairin until Junii thairafter deceisist in the said month of Junii, being the third day of that instant." Nothing can more plainly declare the opinion that the death of the younger brother was accomplished by the efficacy of charms, for not only is his illness here described as being produced by them, but as being produced by them though at an interval of a year and three months after their performance.

LIFE OF MAHOMET.

(Concluded.)

THE Mahometan era, called the HEJIRA, takes its commencement from the date of Mahomet's flight from Mecca to Medina. The generality of writers place this epoch on Friday the 16th of July, A.D. 622. It is this event which has rendered Friday the solemn day of the week for his followers; this choice also agreeing with the customs of the Arabians, who held their assemblies usually on the Fridays. The word *Hejira* is derived from the Arabic verb *Hajara*, to abandon one's native country, to emigrate on account of persecution; which comes from the Hebrew *Hagar*, the stranger or emigrant, the name of Ishmael's mother.

It was from this period that Mahomet, having fully ascertained the hate of his enemies and the extent of his own power, proceeded to lay aside the arts of persuasion and patient endurance, whereby he had hitherto sought to propagate his tenets; and, elated by the devotion of his disciples, and his reception at Medina, he framed, henceforth, the revelations of the Koran, in a tone which proclaimed him a persecutor, and empowered his followers to make war against all opposers. The successful battle of Beder followed soon after; and he then made known those doctrines which have rendered the arms of the Mussulmans so formidable, namely, "that no one can escape his destiny; inasmuch as the man whose days are not complete will escape unhurt from a shower of arrows, when he whose fatal term has arrived cannot escape death by any precaution whatsoever." The second incentive is that which the present occasion furnished him with:—"The sword," exclaimed the Prophet, "is the key of heaven and of hell; a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent under arms, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer. Whosoever falls in battle, his sins are forgiven: at the day of judgment, his wounds shall be resplendent as vermilion, and odoriferous as musk; the loss of his limbs shall be replaced by the wings of angels and of cherubim."

This victory, the first of Mahomet's battles, was gained, in the second year of the Hejira, over the idolatrous Meccans, headed by Abu Sofian, in the valley of Beder, which is situate near the sea between Mecca and Medina. Mahomet's forces consisted of no more than 319 men, but the enemy's army of near 1000; notwithstanding which odds, he put them to flight, having killed seventy of the principal Koreish, and taken as many prisoners, with the loss of only fourteen of his own men. This first victory, although it may seem no very considerable action, was yet of great advantage to him, and the foundation of all his future power and success; for which reason, it is very famous in Mahometan history, and is frequently vaunted of in the Koran, as an effect of the divine assistance, through the miraculous interposition of the angel Gabriel. The gaining of the battle was, however, wholly attributable to the extraordinary stratagem of Mahomet, by his expedient, at the critical moment, of scattering a handful of dust against his enemies, at the same time exclaiming, "Let their faces be confounded!"—which action so invigorated his fainting followers, that they charged and overthrew their foes. Mahomet captured the whole caravan, which consisted of 1000 camels, richly laden, from Syria; and this afforded him the means of rewarding his followers, and inciting them to further exertion by the allurements of wealth and the hope of plunder.

Some reckon no less than twenty-seven expeditions wherein Mahomet was personally present, in nine of which he gave battle, besides several other expeditions, undertaken by his orders, in which he was not present. His forces he maintained partly by the contributions of his followers for this purpose, which he called by the name of *zacht*, or alms, and the paying of which he very artfully made one main article of his religion; and partly by ordering a fifth part of the plunder to be brought into the public treasury for that purpose, in which matter he likewise pretended to act by the divine direction.

The year after the battle of Beder, being the third of the Hejira, the Koreish, to revenge the loss which they had sustained, got together an army of 3000 men, among whom were 200 horse, and 700 armed with coats of mail. These forces marched under the con-

duct of Abu Sofian, who burned with desire to avenge on Mahomet the shame of his former defeat. To animate his soldiers, he took along with him his wife and a great many other women, bearing timbrels, according to the manner of the Arabians; and they accompanied the sound of these musical instruments with their voices, singing to the memory of those who had been slain at the battle of Beder. Abu Sofian, with his forces, sat down at Dhulholeifa, a village about six miles from Medina. Mahomet, being much inferior to his enemies in number, at first determined to keep himself within the town, and receive them there; but afterwards the advice of some of his companions prevailing, he marched out against them at the head of 1000 men, of whom 100 were armed with coats of mail; but he had no more than one horse, besides his own, in his whole army. With these forces he formed a camp in a village near Ohod, a mountain about four miles to the north of Medina, which mountain he contrived to have behind him; and, the better to secure his men from being surrounded, he placed fifty archers in the rear, with strict orders not to quit their post. When they came to engage, Mahomet had the better at first; but afterwards, by the fault of his archers, who left their ranks for the sake of the plunder, and suffered the enemy's horse to encompass the Mahometans, and attack them in the rear, he lost the day, and was very near losing his life, being struck down by a shower of stones, and wounded in the face with two arrows, on pulling out of which his two fore-teeth dropped out. Of the Infidels, twenty-two men were slain, and of the Moslems, seventy; and among them Hamza, the uncle of Mahomet: he was a brave soldier, and was slain by an Abyssinian slave, while stripping the standard-bearer of the Infidels, and another of their chiefs, whom he had just cut down.

Such was the unfortunate battle of Ohod, which, if the leader of the Infidels had followed up to advantage, as he ought to have done, it would almost have ruined Mahomet's cause; but, instead of this, Abu Sofian concluded a truce with him for the following year, which gave him opportunity for retrieving his affairs. To excuse the ill success of this battle, and to raise the drooping courage of his followers, Mahomet earnestly employs himself in the latter part of the third chapter of the Koran.

In a few years, by the success of his arms (notwithstanding he sometimes, as at Ohod, came off with the worst), he considerably raised his credit and power. In the sixth year of the Hejira, he set out with 1400 men to visit the temple of Mecca, not with any intention of committing hostilities, but in a peaceable manner. However, when he came to Al Hodeibiya, which is situated partly within and partly without the sacred territory, the Koreish sent to let him know that they would not permit him to enter Mecca, unless he forced his way; whereupon he called his troops about him, and they all took a solemn oath of fealty or homage to him, and he resolved to attack the city; but those of Mecca sending Arwa Ebn Masud, prince of the tribe of Thakif, as their ambassador, to desire peace, a truce was concluded between them for ten years, by which any person was allowed to enter into league either with Mahomet, or with the Koreish, as he thought fit.

Having at length subdued the chief part of the Pagan tribes, and by his relentless severity exterminated the Jewish classes who dwelt peaceably in Arabia, in the seventh year of the Hejira, A.D. 628, he assumed the state of a sovereign, and sent embassies to the neighbouring monarchs, exhorting them to embrace Islamism, which is the name by which he called his religion.

In the eighth year of the Hejira, a quarrel, real or feigned, gave him the opportunity of possessing himself of Mecca, and of the sacred square edifice called the Caaba. Mahomet appearing suddenly at their gates with 10,000 men, before the troops of Mecca had even been apprised of his departure from Medina, they had no choice left but an immediate surrender, or destruction. Thus pressed, and menaced with instant death, the Koreish submitted to the superior ascendant of Mahomet. Their final submission to his power, and their acceptance of his faith, were ratified subsequently on the hill El Safa. Having visited the holy building of the Caaba, and broken in pieces the idols wherewith it was encircled, Mahomet went in procession seven times round the building, and touched respectfully the black stone which was held sacred by the Arabs; then, entering the edifice, he repeated the formula, "God is great," and addressed his prayer. Afterwards he went to the well Zemzem—which is believed by them to be the same that the angel showed to Hager—drank of the water, and performed the required ablution. Artfully blending attention to exterior observances with zeal, and pursuing a mixed system of mercy and rigour, he subdued the hearts of his high-minded countrymen, and soon superadded to his claims of power the more imposing and indissoluble bonds of superstitious reverence and awe. The capture of Mecca, and the submission of the powerful race of the Koreish, was soon followed by the conversion to Islamism of most of the remoter Pagan tribes, until all Arabia bowed the neck beneath his yoke.

Mahomet, having thus become master of all Arabia, made great preparations for the conquest of Syria; but this vast enterprise was reserved for his successors. He gradually, however, paved the way for their successes, and brought the celebrated region of Arabia

into one complete and powerful union. He established the law which still obtains in all the Mussulman states, of imposing a personal tax on such subjects as do not embrace Islamism. By this custom, still subsisting among all the sovereigns who acknowledge the Koran, every reputed infidel pays a *khara*, or capitation tax, over and above the imposts, which he supports equally with the rest of the subjects. He absolutely prohibited all idolaters from making the pilgrimage to Mecca, or any foreigner from entering the Caaba, under pain of death. These were strokes of profound policy. He retained the pilgrimage to Mecca, which had been of ancient standing among the descendants of Abraham and Ishmael. Though he destroyed the images used at Mecca as objects of idolatrous worship, he carefully retained the holy relics of the black stone, and the impression of Abraham's foot. The black stone had been immemorially venerated there; the angels, it was said, had brought it *white* to the Caaba, and the sins of mankind had transformed it to *black*. Hence, in allusion to this stone, the Orientals use the compliments, "May God whiten thy face," "May the Shah make thy face white," &c.

These practices no less forwarded the progress of Islamism than did the sword of Mahomet. Every where the petty Arabian tribes overthrew their idols, and submitted themselves to the new faith. Thus was Mahometism established, and idolatry rooted out, even in Mahomet's lifetime, throughout all Arabia; and the Arabs, being then united in one faith and under one prince, found themselves in a condition for making those conquests which extended the Mahometan faith over so great a part of the world.

In the tenth year of the Hejira, A.D. 631, Mahomet set forth on a solemn and pompous embassy to Mecca, accompanied by all his wives, and by at least 90,000 pilgrims. He sacrificed with his own hands sixty-three victims, and liberated sixty-three slaves, in thanksgiving for each year of his life; he shaved his head, and scattered the hair amongst the multitude, who eagerly seized portions of it as sacred relics. He closed the solemnity with the following apostrophe, which, as if pronounced from heaven, concludes the Koran:—"Henceforth, wretched and miserable shall they be who deny your religion. Fear not them, but fear me: this day I have perfected your religion, and completed my grace toward you. I have willed that Islamism be your religion." He established the lunar moveable year, still in use with the Mahometans; and, finally, as supreme Pontiff or Imam, dismissed the people with a farewell, the last, as he declared, that he should give them; whence this pilgrimage derived its name of the Farewell.

Mahomet now drew near the close of his extraordinary and fortunate career. His health had been for three years on the decline; but he had neither relaxed his duties nor his labours. Tainaf, a Jewess, appears to have been the instrument to work this great event; a retributive retaliation which he had richly merited by the base and savage cruelty with which he persecuted the Jewish race, scattered peacefully amid the plains of Arabia, their refuge and resort. He had early sought to allure them to adopt his tenets; but finding them inflexibly bound to their law, he sought their destruction. The poisoned mutton which he tasted in the castle of Khaibar, although he instantly spat forth the tainted morsel, imparted its fatal influence to the vitals of the Prophet, and laid the foundation of his mortal malady, and of three years' protracted sufferings. Of this disease, the last stage was a bilious fever, which lasted for fourteen days. At times it deprived him of the use of his reason; but as Mahomet kept up the claims of his mission throughout the visitation of sickness and declining health, which he had experienced for three years previously, so did he maintain the imposition through the more trying and appalling period of his approaching dissolution.

He went regularly to the mosque to public prayers during his illness, except the last three days; then he directed that Abubeker should officiate as Imam, and recite the prayers to the people.

At his express desire, he was removed to the dwelling of Ayesha, his favourite wife. To his companions he still described the visits of the angel Gabriel as continued to him; asserting, as his especial prerogative, that the Angel of Death was not permitted to take his soul, until he had respectfully solicited his permission. That request was granted, and Mahomet instantly fell into the agony of dissolution; his head was reclined on the lap of Ayesha; he fainted with the violence of his pain. Recovering a little from his exhaustion, and raising his eyes to the roof of the house, with a steadfast look, but faltering voice, he uttered the last broken but articulate words, "O God, pardon my sins! Ah, my companion, I attend thee to the realms above!" and peacefully expired on the floor.

He died in the eleventh year of the Hejira, A.D. 632, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Medina became sanctified by his death, and his tomb; and the Mussulman pilgrims to the holy city of Mecca turn aside with deep devotion to honour the simple burial-place of their prophet and teacher.

Thus lived, and thus died, the most extraordinary and consummate impostor that ever appeared on the stage of the world; who acted his part throughout uniformly and consistently, from first to last, steady

to his principles. The time of his appearance was particularly suited for the introduction of new doctrines; and the state of the country, and the public feeling, were peculiarly favourable for their propagation. Arabia could not have subsisted any long time as she was circumstanced at the period of his appearance; and, therefore, the success of his stupendous imposture is the more to be deplored, as, without such a baneful interposition, it may be clearly apprehended that the benign light of Christianity would have at length worked that regenerative change, which, by divine power, might have fixed the east in the true worship of God.

ORIGIN OF ENGLISH COINS.

POUND.

THOUGH a pound is one of the most common denominations for money, it never was a *real coin*, either in gold or silver, in any age or country. Such large and ponderous coins would have been in many respects inconvenient. But for many ages, both in Britain and in other countries, that number of smaller coins which was denominated a pound in *computation*, or a pound in *sale*, really contained a *pound of silver*, and they might have been, and frequently were weighed, as well as numbered, to ascertain their value. If the number of coins that were denominated a *pound in sale*, did not actually make a pound in *weight*, an additional number of coins were thrown in to make up the weight.

MONEY.

Was coined in the Temple of Juno *Moneta*, whence our English word money.

COIN.

Coin (*cuna pecunia*) seems to come from the French coin, *i. e. angulus*, a corner; whence it has been held that the ancientest sort of coin was square with corners, and not round as it now is.

CASH.

Cash in a commercial style signifies the ready money which a merchant or other person has at his present disposal, and is so called from French term *caisse*, *i. e. "chest or coffer,"* for the keeping of money.

GUINEA.

This coin took its denomination *Guinea*, because the gold whereof the first was struck, was brought from that part of Africa so called; for which reason it likewise, formerly, bore the impression of an elephant.

The value or rate of the guinea has varied. It was first struck on the footing of 20s.; but, by the scarcity of gold, was afterwards advanced to 21s. 6d., and again sunk to 21s.

ANGEL.

The angel, called in French *angelot*, was a gold coin, value ten shillings, struck in England, where some few are still to be seen in the cabinets of the curious. It had its name from the figure of an angel represented on it, which figure was adopted, according to Rapin and others, to commemorate a pun of Pope Gregory the Great, which seems to have greatly flattered the vanity of the nation. Struck with the fair complexions and blooming countenances of some Anglo-Saxon captives who had been brought to Rome, he inquired of what nation they were, and what they were called, and being answered *Angles*: "Justly be they so called," quoth he, "for they have *angel-like* faces, and seem meet to be made co-heirs with the angels in heaven."

SHILLING.

The etymology of the word *scylling* would lead us to suppose it to have been a certain quantity of uncoined silver; for whether we derive it from *scylan*, to divide, or *scella*, a scale, the idea presented to us by either word is the same, that is, so much silver cut off, as in China, and weighing so much.

There were none coined until 1504. Fabian mentions them under their proper names, 34 Henry the Eighth.

A TESTER.

Tester is derived from the French word *tête*, a head; a piece of money stamped with a head, which in old French was called "*un teston*," and which was about the value of an old English sixpence. Tester is used by Shakespeare.

Tester, sixpence, from *teston*, French, an old silver coin formerly worth 12d., sinking by degrees to gilt brass, and sixpence.

GROAT.

Other nations, as the Dutch, Poles, Saxons, Bohemians, French, &c., have likewise their *groats*, *groats*, *graches*, *gros*, &c. In the Saxon times, no silver coin bigger than a penny was struck in England, nor after the Conquest, until Edward the Third, who, about the year 1351, coined *groats*, *i. e. groats*, or *great pieces*, which went for 4d., and so the matter stood till the reign of Henry the Eighth, who, in 1504, first coined shillings.

PENNY—HALFPENNY—FARTHING.

Camden derives the word penny from the Latin *pecunia*, "money."

The ancient English *penny*, *penig*, or *pening*, was the first silver coin struck in England; nay, and the only one current among our Saxon ancestors; as is agreed by Camden, Spelman, Dr Hicks, &c.

The penny was equal in weight to our three pence; five of them made one shilling, or scilling, Saxon; thirtv, a mark, or mancuse, equal to our 7s. 6d.

Until the time of King Edward the First, the penny was struck with a cross so deeply indented in it, that it might be easily broke, and parted, on occasion, into two parts, thence called *half-pennies*; or into four, thence called *fourthings*, or *farthings*. But that prince coined it without indenture: in lieu of which, he first struck round halfpence and farthings.

He also reduced the weight of the penny to a standard; ordering that it should weigh 32 grains of wheat, taken out of the middle of the ear. This penny was called the *penny sterling*. Twenty of these pence were to weigh an ounce; whence the penny became a weight, as well as a coin.

The penny sterling is now used less as a coin, and subsists chiefly as a money of account, containing the 12th part of a shilling, or the 240th part of a pound.—From "*Notes of a Bookworm*."

BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

THE horrible catastrophe with which the name of this dungeon will for ever be associated, together with the details of the sufferings of the wretched victims, must now be so familiar to the minds of most of our readers, that our recurring to it here may probably at first appear only a needless repetition of a "thrice-told tale." Like many other remarkable historical occurrences, however, we believe few are acquainted with the public transactions of the period in which it occurred, the position in which our possessions in the East then stood, or the particular incidents which more immediately led to the tragedy itself.

Notwithstanding the unrivalled state of prosperity to which the Bengal establishment has now attained, it was the last settlement formed by our adventurous countrymen in the eastern part of the Indian dominions, and was long held secondary, in point of commercial importance, to Madras, and the more southern settlements along the coast of Coromandel, lying within that long extent of territory known by the name of the Carnatic. It was not until the year 1656 that the merchants of Surat obtained leave from the Nabob of Bengal to erect a factory at Hoogley, on the river of that name, considerably above the site of the more recent establishment of Calcutta. It was here, however, that the English first attempted to establish political and military power in India. Upon a detail of various wrongs sustained from the native rulers being transmitted home by the factors, the East India Company sent out, in 1686, a formidable expedition (the first warlike demonstrations by the British against the Indian authorities), the object of which was no less than to levy war against the Great Mogul and the Nabob of Bengal, and this only thirty years after the Company had first obtained a footing in their territories! The result of this rash and ill-advised step was, that our countrymen speedily lost every shadow of their previous power or importance in every part of India, and were only permitted, after the most humble submission, to retain their settlement in the island of Bombay. These disputes, however, were afterwards amicably settled, and the Company were allowed to re-establish themselves, and resume their traffic, as before, at Hoogley; nor did they again experience any serious annoyance, until the commencement of hostilities between England and France, in the year 1744. When this happened, one of the first and chief points against which the French directed their efforts, with the view of crippling Britain, were our Indian settlements—Pondicherry, on the coast of Coromandel, being as yet the only station of any importance which they themselves possessed. It would be entirely out of place here to detail the continued struggle for the ascendancy in the East, which ensued between the rival nations; contending, however, less by open force of arms than secret intrigue with the native rulers, who alternately inclined to the one party or the other, as seemed best for their interests and convenience. Suffice it to say, that, early in 1761, the French were finally expelled by the British arms from all that quarter of India, by the fall of Pondicherry, which surrendered to Colonel Coote. For some years previous to this event, the British establishment at Calcutta had been advancing in prosperity with rapid strides, under the friendly aid of Aliverdi Khan, an Afghan chief of great talent, who had wrested the vice-royalty (or nabobship) of Bengal from its legitimate ruler, a weak and impotent prince. Upon Aliverdi's death, however, he was succeeded by his grandson, Surajah Dowlah (or, as sometimes spelled, Suraj-ud-Dowla), a dissolute and tyrannical prince, who, stimulated by the exaggerated reports of the great wealth amassed in the factory, seized the first plausible opportunity for coming to a rupture with the settlers, and commencing hostilities. The pretext laid hold of for putting his designs in

execution, was the erection of various fortifications, which were then in progress, for the defence of Calcutta, in case of any attack being made on it by the French, but which Surajah Dowlah chose to construe into preparations against himself. He immediately collected his army, marched against that place, plundering the English factory of Cossimbuzar by the way, and making the governor and members of Council prisoners. The garrison of Calcutta at that time did not muster above 514 men, of whom only 174 were Europeans, totally undisciplined; and attempts were therefore at first made to come to reasonable terms with the Nabob, but the fate of Cossimbuzar dispelled all hopes of a peaceful accommodation. The attack on Calcutta commenced on the 18th June 1756; and, on the same day, the whole of the outworks and external fortifications fell into the hands of the Indians. Though all hope of a successful resistance was now gone, it was agreed in a council of war to hold out till the following night, in order to get time to convey the women and children on board of ship, which was safely accomplished the same night. At day-break next day, the attack was renewed, and while the situation of the besieged became every hour distressing, they had the mortification to see all the English, as well as neutral vessels, then lying in the Hoogly, weigh anchor, and proceed down the river. To complete the wretched dilemma of the troops, Drake, the governor, was seized with a panic, threw himself into the last remaining boat, and left them to their fate! Mr Holwell was chosen to fill his place, who endeavoured to open negotiations for surrender; but the troops, in the confusion, having gained access to the liquor, were soon in a state of complete intoxication, and the enemy learning how matters stood, stepped into the fort without resistance.

Of the harrowing event which took place in the fort on the night succeeding its capture, the following narrative, which originally appeared in a native East India publication, is at once the most correct and striking that has yet been given to the world:—

"At five o'clock, the Nabob entered the fort, accompanied by his general, Meer Jaffier, and most of the principal officers of his army. He immediately proceeded to the principal apartment of the factory, where he sat in state, and received the compliments of his court and attendants, in magnificent expressions of his prowess and good fortune. Soon after, he sent for Mr Holwell, to whom he expressed much resentment at the presumption of the English in daring to defend the fort, and much dissatisfaction at the smallness of the sum found in the treasury, which did not exceed 50,000 rupees. Mr Holwell had two other conferences with him on this subject before seven o'clock, when the Nabob dismissed him with repeated assurances, on the word of a soldier, that he should suffer no harm.

Mr Holwell, returning to his unfortunate companions, found them assembled and surrounded by a strong guard: several buildings on the north and south sides of the fort were already in flames, which approached with so thick a smoke on either hand, that the prisoners imagined their enemies had caused this conflagration in order to suffocate them between the two fires. On each side of the eastern gate of the fort, extended a range of chambers, adjoining to the curtain, and before the chambers, a veranda, or open gallery: it was of arched masonry, and intended to shelter the soldiers from the sun and rain, but, being low, almost totally obstructed the chambers behind from the light and air; and whilst some of the guard were looking in other parts of the factory for proper places to confine the prisoners during the night, the rest ordered them to assemble in ranks under the veranda, on the right hand of the gateway, where they remained for some time, with so little suspicion of their impending fate, that they laughed among themselves at the seeming oddity of this disposition, and amused themselves with conjecturing what they should next be ordered to do. About eight o'clock, those who had been sent to examine the rooms reported that they had found none fit for the purpose: on which the principal officer commanded the prisoners to go into one of the rooms which stood behind them, along the veranda. It was the dungeon of the garrison, who used to call it *The Black Hole*. Many of the prisoners, knowing the place, began to expostulate, upon which the officer ordered his men to cut down those who hesitated—on which the prisoners obeyed; but before all were within, the room was so thronged that the last entered with difficulty: the guard immediately closed the door, and locked it fast, confining 146 persons in a room not 20 feet square, with only two small windows, and those obstructed by the veranda. It was the hottest season of the year, and the night uncommonly sultry, even at this season. The excessive pressure of their bodies against one another, and the intolerable heat which prevailed as soon as the door was shut, convinced the prisoners that it was impossible to live through the night in this horrible confinement, and violent attempts were immediately made to force the door, but without effect, for it opened inwards, on which many began to give loose to rage. Mr Holwell, who placed himself at one of the windows, exhorted them to remain composed both in body and mind, as the only means of surviving the night, and his remonstrances produced a short interval of quiet, during which he applied to an old *jemadardar*, who bore some marks of humanity about him, promising

to give him a thousand rupees in the morning if he would separate the prisoners into two chambers. The old man went to try, but, returning in a few minutes, said it was impossible; when Mr Holwell offered him a larger sum, on which he retired once more, and returned with the fatal sentence, that no relief could be expected, because "*the Nabob was asleep, and no one dared to wake him*." In the meantime, every minute had increased their sufferings. The first effect of their confinement was a continued sweat, which soon produced intolerable thirst, succeeded by excruciating pains in the chest, with difficulty of breathing little short of suffocation. Various means were tried to obtain more room and air. Every one stripped off his clothes, every hat was put in motion; and these methods affording no relief, it was proposed that they all should sit down on their hams at the same time, and, after remaining a little while in this posture, rise altogether. This fatal expedient was thrice repeated before they had been confined an hour, and every time, several, unable to raise themselves up again, fell, and were trampled to death by their companions. Attempts were again made to force the door, which, failing as before, redoubled their rage; but, the thirst increasing, nothing but water! water! became soon after the general cry. The good *jemadardar* immediately ordered some skins of water to be brought to the windows; but instead of relief, his benevolence became a more dreadful cause of destruction, for the sight of the water threw every one into such excessive agitations and ravings, that, unable to resist this violent impulse of nature, none could wait to be regularly served, but each man battled with the utmost ferocity against those who were likely to get before him; and in these conflicts many were either pressed to death by the efforts of others, or suffocated by their own. This scene, instead of exciting compassion in the guard without, only awakened their mirth, and they held up lights to the bars, in order to have the diabolical satisfaction of seeing the deplorable contention of the sufferers within, who, finding it impossible to get any water whilst it was thus furiously disputed, at length suffered those who were nearest the windows to convey it in their hats to those behind them. It proved no relief either to their thirst or other sufferings, for the fever increased every moment with increasing depravity of the air of the dungeon, which had been so often respired, and was saturated with the hot and deleterious effluvia of putrifying bodies, of which the stench was little less than mortal.

Before midnight, all who were alive, and had not partaken of the air of the windows, were either in lethargic stupefaction, or raving with delirium. Every kind of invective and abuse was uttered, in hope of provoking the guard to put an end to their miseries by firing into the dungeon; and whilst some were blaspheming their Creator with frantic execrations of torment in despair, Heaven was implored by others with wild and incoherent prayers, until the weaker, exhausted by these agitations, at length lay down quietly, and expired on the bodies of their dead and agonizing friends. Those who still survived in the inward part of the dungeon, finding that the water had afforded them no relief, made a last effort to obtain air, by endeavouring to scramble over the heads of those who stood between them and the windows, where the utmost strength of every one was employed for two hours, either in maintaining his own ground, or endeavouring to get that of which others were in possession. All regards of compassion and affection were lost, and no one would recede or give way for the relief of another. Faintness sometimes gave short pauses of quiet, but the first motion of any one renewed the struggle through all, under which ever and anon some one sunk to rise no more. At two o'clock, not more than fifty remained alive; but even this number was too many to partake of the saving air, the contest for which, and life, continued until the moon, long implored, began to break, and, with the hope of relief, gave the survivors a view of the dead. The survivors then at the window, seeing that their entreaties could not prevail on the guard to open the door, it occurred to Mr Cook, the secretary to the Council, that Mr Holwell, if alive, might have more influence to obtain their relief; and two of the company undertaking the search, discovered him, having still some signs of life: but when they brought him near the window, every one refused to quit his place, excepting Captain Mills, who, with rare generosity, offered to resign his, on which the rest likewise agreed to make room. He had scarcely begun to recover his senses, before an officer, sent by the Nabob, came, and inquired if the English chief survived; and soon after, the same man returned with an order to open the prison. The dead were so thronged, and the survivors had so little strength remaining, that they were employed for near half an hour in removing the bodies which lay against the door, before they could clear a passage to get out one by one; when, of one hundred and forty-six who went in, no more than twenty-three came out alive, the ghastliest forms that ever were seen on the earth. The Nabob's troops beheld them, and the havoc of death from which they had escaped, with perfect indifference, but did not prevent them from removing to a distance; and were immediately obliged, by the intolerable stench, to clear the dungeon, whilst others dug a ditch on the outside of the fort, into which all the dead bodies were promiscuously thrown."

STAGE-COACH TRAVELLING.

It is difficult to determine the exact period at which a stage-coach first appeared upon the road, but it seems to be pretty well ascertained that in 1662 there were but six, and one of the wise men of those days, John Crossell, of the Charter-House, tried his best to write them down. It was supposed he had the countenance of the country gentlemen, who were afraid, if their wives could get easily and cheaply conveyed to London, they might not settle so well afterwards to their domestic duties at the Hall or the Grange. But to go back only 90 years. In 1742, the Oxford stage-coach left London at seven o'clock in the morning, and reached Uxbridge at mid-day. It arrived at High Wycomb at five in the evening, where it rested for the night, and proceeded at the same rate for the seat of learning on the morrow. Here, then, were ten hours consumed each day in travelling twenty-seven miles, and nearly two days in performing what is now done with the greatest ease under six hours. Well-born coachmen prevail on the road. A gentleman connected with the first families in Wales, and whose father long represented his native county in Parliament, horsed and drove one side of the ground (between London and Brighton) with Mr Stevenson (who had been a Cambridge University graduate); and Mr Charles Jones, brother of Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones, has now a coach on the Brighton road, called the Pearl, which he both horses and drives himself. The late Mr Stevenson mentioned above (for he no longer exists) became a coachman by profession; and it is only justice to his memory to admit, that though cut off in the flower of his youth, he had arrived at perfection in his art. His education and early habits, however, had not been lost upon him; his demeanour was always that of a gentleman; and it may be fairly said of him, that he introduced the phenomenon of refinement into a stage-coach. At a certain change of horses on the road, a silver sandwich-box was handed to his passengers by his servant, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to such as were inclined.—*Quarterly Review*.

PASSAGE OF MUSKET BULLETS THROUGH THE HUMAN BODY.

A number of curious cases of the progress of musket balls from the place where they were first lodged, have been observed by military surgeons. We have heard of a very remarkable case, where the musket ball struck the forehead above the nose, and having divided into two halves, one half went round beneath the skin, on the right side, and the other on the left, advancing in contact with the skull. We do not ask our readers to believe the poetical edition of this fact, that the two half bullets met again behind, after having performed the circuit of the head in opposite directions, and, advancing with a slightly diminished force, united, and killed an unfortunate man who stood in their way; but the fact of the splitting of the bullet, and the advance of each half in opposite directions, is unquestionable. The singular progress of a musket bullet from the forehead to the throat has been recorded by Dr Fielding. At the first battle of Newbury, in the time of the civil wars, a medical gentleman was shot near the right eye. The skull was fractured at the place; but though the surgeon could see the pulsation of the brain beneath the wound, yet the bullet had turned to one side, and could not be discovered. Various bones were discharged from the wound, the mouth, and the nostrils. At the time of the second battle of Newbury, the wound healed, and could not be kept open; but about twelve years afterwards, when the doctor was riding in a cold dark night, he felt a pain on the left side of his head, about the "almonds of the ear," which occasioned a partial deafness. Having stopped his ear with wool, he was surprised one day, in March 1670, by a sudden puff or crack in his ear, when all that side of his cheek hung loose, as if it had been paralytic, and a hard knot was felt under the ear. Various tumours now appeared about the throat, and in August 1672, the bullet was taken out of the throat, near the *pomum Adami*.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.

The mortality of Great Britain, its cities, and its hospitals, is greatly inferior to that of any other country in Europe; it is also incontestable that "Great Britain is at present the most healthy country with which we are acquainted;" and that it has been gradually tending to that point for the last 50 years. This superior value of life in Great Britain is not confined to any particular districts or classes of individuals. To whatever point we turn our view, the advantage is still the same; the man of affluence, the pauper-patient of the hospital, the sailor and the soldier on active service, the prisoner of war, the inmate of a jail, all enjoy a better tenure of existence from this country than from any other of which we have been able to consult the records. It has been long the fashion, both abroad and at home, to exhaust every variety of reproach on the climate of our country, and particularly on the atmosphere of London; and yet we shall find that the most famed spots in Europe, the places which have long been selected as the resort of invalids, and the fountains of health, are far more fatal to life than even this great metropolis. The annual proportion of deaths at Montpelier was greater 30 years ago, and is greater at present, than in London.—*Dr Hawkins' Elements of Medical Statistics*.

Column for Young People.

You may remember that a long while ago I gave you a very pleasant article on bees, extracted, specially for your own reading, from a nice little book called "Art in Nature," written by a person named Charles Williams, and published in London by Frederick Westley and A. H. Davis. I am now going to give you another of Mr Williams's papers, and a very capital paper it is for you to read, on the subject of Spiders. I know that many of you think that Spiders are very nasty little insects, because they crawl about the walls, and spin their ugly webs in the corners of the rooms; but you have no idea what funny creatures Spiders are, and what strange things they do; so now I am going to let you know some remarkable circumstances connected with their mode of living, and their pursuits. Here the article begins:—

"It was a September morning, and the aspect of nature was autumnal. The foliage of the trees had begun to change their hue; and, while the orchards yielded their last fruits, which might grace the dessert of a peer, the hedges were filled with their humble produce, and clusters of privets, elder-berries, and buckthorn, vied with one another. There, however, were relieved by the hips, honeysuckles, and viburnum, which put forth their scarlet balls; and the beautiful fruit of the woody nightshade, wild-service, and mountain-ash, delighted the eye, and soothed the spirits depressed by the anticipation of winter.

Of this Mr Elwood felt conscious, when, returning from an early call on a friend, he saw his youngest child Edward—a fine boy of four years old, whose clustering locks, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, made him a model of infant beauty—blowing soap bubbles, with many a clapping of hands, and merry bound, and hearty laugh, as he saw them rise, glitter, and at length burst in the air. Amused at the sight, he gazed for some time; when, calling Emma and Frederick, he told them to watch the process, and that the first balloons ever made were produced in a similar way. This led to many inquiries, and to the remark, that what has been done only of late years, after many efforts, by man, to rise into the air, has been accomplished, from the earliest times, by the gossamer spider.

"O, papa!" said Emma, on hearing this, "I wish you would tell us all about them. Now, I think you will—and here, dear mamma, let me pass your chair next to papa's, and you can remember something—and I will listen so attentively, and Frederick will—won't you, dear? And then, mamma, and then—I'll play my new rondo as well as ever I can."

Mr E. Happily, my dear, I have leisure to gratify you. Dr Lister noticed the falling of these webs, and in them discovered more than once a spider, which he named the bird. On one occasion, whilst he was watching a common spider, it suddenly turned on its back, darted forth a long thread, and, vaulting from the place where it was, was carried upwards to a great height. He further discovered, that, while spiders fly in this manner, they pull in their long thread with their fore-feet, so as to form it into a ball—or, as it may be called, air-balloon—of dross. So high did they ascend, that one day in autumn, when the air was full of webs, he went to the top of the highest steeple of York Minster, from whence he could see the floating webs still far above him. He took some of the spiders that fell and were entangled on the pinnacles. They were of a kind that never enter houses, and, therefore, could not be supposed to have taken their flight from the steeple. Of one insect he observed, he says, "Certainly this is an excellent rope-dancer, and is wonderfully delighted in darting its threads; and it is only carried in the air like others, but it effects itself its ascent and sailing: for by means of its legs, closely applied to each other, it as it were balances itself, and promotes and directs its course so otherwise than as if nature had furnished it with wings or ears."

F. Has any other person particularly noticed them?

Mr E. Mr White has done so. "Every day in fine weather in autumn," he says, "do I see these spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft: they will go off from the finger if you will take them into your hand. Last summer one alighted on my book as I was reading in the parlour; and, running to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most wondered at was, that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring; and I am sure that I did not assist it with my breath. So that these little crawlers move faster than the air in the air itself!"

E. Are they often to be seen, papa?

Mr E. Yes, sometimes in great numbers. I will give you Mr White's account of a shower of these webs. On the 21st of September 1741, intent upon field diversions, he rose before day-break; but, on going out, found the whole face of the country covered with a thick coat of cobweb drenched with dew. When his dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were so blinded that they were obliged to lie down and scrape themselves. About nine o'clock, a shower of these webs, formed not of single floating threads, but of perfect flakes, some near an inch broad, and five or six long, was observed falling from very high regions, which continued through the whole of the day; and they fell with a velocity which showed that they were considerably heavier than the atmosphere. On ascending the highest parts of the country where this was observed, the webs were still seen falling, and twinkling like stars in the sun. The flakes of the web hung so thick upon the edges and trees, that baskets-full might have been collected. In Germany, these flights of gossamer appear so constantly in autumn, that they are there called 'the flying or departing summer'; and authors speak of the web as often hanging in flakes, like wool, on every hedge and bush, throughout extensive districts.

F. For what are these webs made, papa?

Mr E. As the single threads shot by other spiders are usually their bridges, this, perhaps, may be their object, and thus the spiders may be conveyed from spot to spot with less labour than if they had travelled over the ground. And as Kirby says, also, as they seem so thirsty, may not the drops of dew with which they are always so it were strange, be a secondary object with them? So great are their numbers, that sometimes every stalk of straw in the stubbles, and every clod and stone in the fallows, swarms with them. Dr Strach assures us that twenty or thirty often sit on a single straw, and that he collected about two thousand in half an hour, and could have easily doubled the number had he wished it.

E. But, papa, what makes the spiders go up, up, up, like Mr Green's balloons, which I saw at Stamford, until it looked not larger than an orange, and then went quite out of sight?

Mr E. It is probable that they do so in pursuit of food, for the rejected parts of grass and flies are often found in the falling webs. Perhaps the flight of some particular species, forming a favourite food of the little aeronauts, may take place at these times. No

doubt, however, that the end is worthy such extraordinary means. And I wish you particularly to observe, when you see this spider's thread floating in the air, and stretching from hedge to hedge across a road or brook of four or five yards wide, that this little creature has no wings wherewith to fly, nor muscles to enable it to spring or dart to so great a distance; and hence its Creator has laid for it this path in the atmosphere. Though the insect itself be heavier than air, the thread which it spins is lighter. This, then, is its balloon. Left to itself, the spider would drop to the ground; but, being tied to its thread, both are supported! This also mounts, and buoys up the insect itself, as the tail of a kite does the body. Some of them, it seems, not only bestride their film, but roll it up in a mass, and then sail in a balloon.

Mrs E. My love, the web of the gossamer spider finely illustrates Paley's doctrine of compensation. It supplies the place of wings; and the defects of one part or of one organ are often made up for by the structure of another part or of another organ. Let us try to recollect some instances. I remember, he says, that the common parrot has, in the structure of its beak, both an inconvenience and a compensation for it. By an inconvenience, he means what appears when the peculiar structure of an organ which fits it for one purpose unfits it for another. Thus the upper bill of the parrot is so much hooked, and so much overlaps the lower, that if, as in other birds, the lower part alone had motion, the bird could scarcely gape wide enough to receive its food; yet this hook and overlapping of the bill could not be spared, for by it the bird climbs: to say nothing of its use in breaking nuts and the hard substances on which it feeds. How, therefore, is the difficulty prevented? By making both parts of the jaw movable. In most birds, the upper chap is connected, and makes but one piece with the skull; but, in the parrot, the upper chap is joined to the bone of the head by a strong membrane placed on each side of it, which lifts and depresses it at pleasure.

E. That's a delightful story, mamma; perhaps, while you are thinking of another, papa will tell us what he remembers.

Mr E. Birds have no teeth—I mean such as common fowls, pigeons, ducks, geese, &c. What have they, then, to make up for this want? A most powerful muscle called a gizzard, the inner coat of which has rough plates, which, by strong friction against one another, break and grind the hard food so effectually, and by the same sort of action, as a coffee-mill would do. Without this, it is proved that a chicken would starve upon a heap of corn! This contrivance goes no farther than the necessity. The food of birds of prey does not require to be ground in a mill, and in them a gizzard is not found. I almost forget what he says about the bat.

Mrs E. I remember it perfectly. At the angle of the bat's wing there is a bent claw, exactly in the form of a hook, by which the creature attaches itself to the sides of rocks, caves, and buildings, laying hold of crevices, joinings, chinks, and roughnesses. It hooks itself by this claw, remains suspended by this hold, and takes its flight from this position; which compensates for the shortness of its legs and feet. Without its hook, the bat would be the most helpless of all animals. It can neither run upon its feet, nor raise itself from the ground. But all this is made up for by the contrivance on the wing; and, in placing a claw on that part, the Creator has deviated from what is observable in winged animals. "A singular defect," says Paley, "required a singular substitute."

F. Cannot you give us one more such fact, papa?

Mr E. Yes, my dear, but that one must suffice. The short, unbending neck of the elephant is made up for by the length and flexibility of his proboscis or trunk. He could not reach the ground without it; or, if he could have fed on the fruit, leaves, or branches of trees, how was he to drink? Should it be asked, why is the elephant's neck so short? It may be answered, that the weight of a head so heavy could not have been supported at the end of a longer lever. And then the proboscis itself is most curious. The disposition of the rings and fibres—first, to form a long pipe; secondly, to contract and shorten it; and, thirdly, to turn it in every direction at pleasure; with, moreover, a fleshy production at the end, of about the length and thickness of a finger, and performing the office of one, so as to pick up a needle or a straw—exhibits an instrument truly amazing.

E. Wonderful—wonderful—wonderful, papa!

Mr E. Yes, my love,

"Wonderful, indeed, are all His works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance, always with delight."

EFFECT OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM ON THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

When Lord Sunderland was at the Hague, he contracted a particular intimacy with Mr Cunningham [author of the History of Great Britain], as they were both remarkable chess-players. Whenever his Lordship was at leisure, he either drove to Cunningham's lodgings, which were at some distance, or sent his carriage for him. After playing for a course of time, Lord Sunderland discovered that he who was jolted in the carriage before they sat down, was always sure to lose every game; for which reason he gave over going to Cunningham's, but always sent for him, and always beat him, to his no small astonishment, as he was conscious that he understood the game as well as his adversary. At last, when he was very much out of humour, Lord Sunderland told him the trick, and Cunningham insisted that they should drive to one another's lodgings alternately, which confirmed his Lordship's observation, and restored Cunningham to his former level; for, from that time, they won and lost alternately. This fact, which appears not at all incredible, for the streets of the Hague were not, in the last century, so smooth as those of London are at present, proves how nicely the capacities of Sunderland and Cunningham were balanced against each other: but it is more curious and interesting on another account—it shows the intimate connection between our corporeal frame and the faculty of thinking.—*Thomson's Introduction to his Translation of Cunningham's History of Great Britain.*

CALDERWOOD CASTLE.

THE fall of this castle, which took place about sixty years ago, was attended with circumstances of so romantic a nature, that we think them deserving of record.

There was a Dr Baillie, a clergyman, father to the late Sir Matthew Baillie, physician in London, and who had been tutor to the then Sir William Maxwell* and his two brothers, one of whom was father to the present General Sir William Maxwell, who had a villa in that neighbourhood, and was, consequently, a frequent visitor at the castle. One day, when at dinner with his wife, he said he had all forenoon felt an anxiety about Calderwood, as if some of the family were ill. Mrs Baillie said there seemed no cause for such a supposition, and the conversation ended. At tea in the evening, Dr Baillie said, "You know, Mrs Baillie, that I am far from being superstitious; but it is strongly impressed upon my mind that some of that family is seriously ill." Mrs Baillie replied, that had that been the case, he might be sure they would have been informed of the circumstance; besides, he was down there four or five days before, when they were all in perfect health. At their supper, Dr Baillie again said, "It does not signify, Mrs Baillie; but I have taken an anxiety about that family that I can neither account for nor control, and I am certain some individual there is most seriously ill." Mrs Baillie desired him to order his horse to the door, and put his nightcap into his pocket, and ride down to the castle, though the family would be much surprised at a visit at so late an hour. Dr Baillie arrived about eleven o'clock, when the family were just going to bed. His first question was, "Is the family all well?" Lady Maxwell said, they were all well, thank God, and was glad to see the doctor, and ordered a bed-room to be prepared for him. He then explained the cause of so untimely a visit, and requested Sir William that he would order a servant, with a couple of candles, to go with him into the castle, while his bed-room was preparing, as he wished to examine the east wall, where he perceived a slight rent when he was last there, and was desirous to see if any alteration had since taken place. It may be proper to say, that all the house servants, and several of the farm servants, slept in the castle, and most of these had gone to bed. In about a quarter of an hour, Dr Baillie returned, and said he was certain the castle was going to fall, as the rent he had formerly noticed was considerably enlarged. The servants were all ordered to get out of bed, and to join the family, who resided in a more modern building, attached to the castle. At the top of the castle was a square tower, in which were deposited the archives and records of the family. These Sir William had conveyed away. The family then determined to sit up all night, and see the result; when, at half-past nine in the morning, the whole of the east side of the castle went over with a tremendous crash! There was a range of stables below the castle, full of horses; but these were saved by the stables being arched, and were dug out of the ruins two days afterwards. Thus, if it had not been for a providential interposition of Dr Baillie, nine or ten persons would have been crushed to death.

* The narrative which follows we have had the honour of receiving from a descendant of the family.

THE TURNBULLS AND RUTHERFORDS.

It is related that Sir Andrew Turnbull of Bedrule, upon Rule Water, in Roxburghshire, was so notorious a thief, that the principal gentlemen of the clans of Hume and Kerr refused to sign a bond of alliance, to which he, with the Turnbulls and Rutherfords, was a party, alleging that their proposed allies had stolen Hume of Wedderburn's cattle. The authority of Morton, however, compelled them to digest the affront. The debate, and a curious one it is, may be seen at length in *Godscroft*, vol. i. p. 221. The Rutherfords became more lawless after having been deprived of the countenance of the court, for slaying the nephew of Forman, archbishop of St Andrew's, who had attempted to carry off the heiress of Rutherford. This lady was afterwards married to James Stewart of Traquair, son to James Earl of Buchan, according to a papal bull, dated 9th November 1504. By this lady a great estate in Teviotdale fell to the family of Traquair, which was sold by James Earl of Traquair, lord high treasurer of Scotland, in consequence of the pecuniary difficulties to which he was reduced by his loyal exertions in favour of Charles the First.

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